

Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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JOB PRINTING

Nearly executed, on short notice and at reduced rates.

The Man who Won the Widow's Heart.

In a bower the widow dwelt:
At her feet—three suitors knelt:
Each—adored the widow much;
Each—sought her heart to touch;
One—had wit, and one—had gold,
And one—was cast in beauty's mould;
Guess—which was it—won the prize,
Purse, or tongue, or handsome eyes?
First appeared the handsome man,
Proudly peeping o'er her fan;
Red his lips and white his skin;
Could such beauty fall to win?
Then stepped forth—the man of gold,
Cash—he counted, coin he told,
Wealth—the burden of his tale:
Could such golden projects fail?
Then the man of wit and sense
Voiced her with his eloquence;
Now, she blushed, she knew not why:
Then, she smiled—to hear him speak,
Then the tear was on her cheek:
Beauty vanish! gold depart!
Wit has won the widow's heart.

BE KIND TO THE STRANGER.

Be kind to the stranger! in city or field,
To his woe, or his want, thy free sympathy yield—
Wast not till thou learnest his birth or degree,
Through the Father of all, he is brother to thee!

Be kind to the stranger! oh! let not his creed
The current of golden compassion impede—
The spirit of Charity mingling all sects,
One altar of love for the world she erects.

Be kind to the stranger! that text is divine
Which calls upon man, from his store to resign
Some gleanings from gathering of grain or of gold,
As tribute to Heaven—repaid seven-fold.

Be kind to the stranger! thy lot may be cast,
Far, far from the home where thy childhood was
past!
An exile unlinked from the family-chain,
Thou may'st find 'neath the pressure of sorrow
or pain.

Be kind to the stranger! leave judgment to God!
Whose omnipotent hand should alone wield the rod:
To thyself thou'rt a stranger—to none truly known
Save the Censor, whose eye o'er creation is thrown.
Veiled from thee are thy frailties by proud self-esteem.

Thine, thy kindness to others will tend to redeem.
Be kind to the stranger! in life's final hour,
His blessing like dew on a withering flower,
Shall freshen the languishing hope of thy heart,
And cause thee in peace from this world to depart,
Assured that thy spirit a stranger above,
Shall by natives of Heaven be welcomed with love!

Charleston Courier.

From the Pennsylvania.

THE LATE JAMES K. POLK.

Last summer Mr. Polk suffered severely from
the disease which lately proved fatal. With a
view of change of air, and to avail himself of
the valuable medicinal properties of the Bedford
mineral springs he visited that lovely section of
Pennsylvania for a short time, and returned much
improved.

On his way up, he passed a very hot and un-
comfortable night at Cumberland; but before
sunrise, we were seated in a special coach, pro-
vided for the occasion, and slowly ascending the
rugged mountain north of Cumberland, over a
very bad road. After several hours travel, dur-
ing which the horses were unable to go out of
a walk, we reached the summit, where a bright
August sun, and a boundless prospect of eternal
hills encircling fertile valleys met the view.
The driver was just about to give the reins to
four sturdy steeds, when he was hailed by a
group of about twenty who had been concealed
in a luxuriant dingle on the road side. "Hello,
Jake, have you got him?" "Yes," was the an-
swer of the driver. "Well then, Jake, you
must stop."

The party advanced, and consisted of such a
group and such men as are only to be found a-
mong the yeomen of America. It consisted of
the Laird of the Manor, the proprietor of many
rich and fertile acres, now waving with luscious
crops, and his stalwart sons, before whom the
stubborn wilderness of wood gives way; among
them, all clad alike, were those who labored for
their daily bread; but they all knew the dignity
of labor and in their working dress had left the
harvest in the field to pay their respects to the
President of the Republic.

The coach stopped, and as soon as the party
were sufficiently near, Mr. Polk asked, "Well,
where are we now? An old man, with long
white locks streaming in the wind, and a tall,
slender frame, yet firm step, headed the party,
and replied, "You have just crossed the Penn-
sylvania line; you are in Bedford county, and
we, hearing that you were expected, left our work
over in the fields, and came here to give you a
welcome. I suppose that you are President."
My name is J—

I have lived
here for sixty years—I am 84 years of age; and
we are all glad to see you."

The President got out of the stage, and was
introduced to each, one by name, and after shaking
hands, and a few inquiries about his health,
the old octogenarian continued, in his honest
and simple eloquence—"Mr. Polk you are the

second President of the United States I have ever
seen—the first was Gen. Washington, and I
shook hands with him by the side of that moun-
tain over there, where you see the road turn.
He was then going up after the 'Whiskey Boys,'
as we called them, and we all thought we were
going to have war among ourselves. One of my
neighbors, who has long since been dead, asked
Gen. Washington if we were going to have war,
and the general said, 'Not unless God will it.'—
God makes war and God makes peace, and let
them do what is right, and trust in God, and peace
will come. So, Mr. Polk you are the second
President I ever saw in my life, and it is only a
few miles from the spot where I saw Gen.
Washington, and then he was going to put down
the whiskey insurrection; and now, when I
meet you, we have this war with Mexico. [Peace
had just been concluded—the troops had not yet
returned.] A great many young men from this
country have gone to the war, and we have heard
that some of them have been killed, and some
wounded, and many died from sickness. Now,
some of my neighbors, and the newspapers and
politicians call this Polk's war, and they say
Polk made the war, and that these people would
not have been killed, only for Polk.

These last allusions affected the President
deeply—the eloquent orator of Congress, the
best stump speaker of the land, was mute at
these allusions to those fallen in battle—he bowed
his head low, and the tears ran freely over
his cheeks.

But, continued the old man, raising himself
to his full attitude, more than 60 feet, his white
locks streaming in the wind, his long thin arm
raised high in the air, and his finger pointed to-
wards heaven, "the war comes from there—the
war comes from there!—and the peace comes
from there also. Mr. Polk, my boys read the
newspapers to me at night. I know all about
Texas and the boundary, and we had to go to
war. God made the Mexicans go to war to
punish them; and he has helped us. Only see
how General Taylor and General Scott whipped
them; and I thank God that you are our Presi-
dent, and you must pray to him to help us in
peace." "I do so every day of my life, and
I was thankful that we had such men as Gen.
Taylor and Gen. Scott to command our armies,"
was the reply. The President was too much
overcome to say much, and to conceal his feel-
ings he hurried in the stage after a hasty fare-
well. We had already separated a short dis-
tance, when the old man's voice was heard.
"Jake, Jake, stop at the house, and let the old
woman shake hands with the President." Half
an hour's ride brought us before a large Penn-
sylvania farm house. Every thing was on a
large scale—on all sides was evidence, not of
abundance, but affluence. A large house, a
large barn, large horses, large cows, large hogs,
large dogs, large turkeys, large geese, large chickens,
a large garden stocked with large cabbage
and a large woman thrusting mountains of leav-
ened dough into a mammoth oven, gave evidence
that the good housewife had an instinctive con-
tempt for anything diminutive. The driver now
informed the President that Mrs. S. was now be-
fore us. The President alighted, and informed
the old lady who he was.

He was received with an air and ease seldom
equalled, never surpassed. "Well, this I never
expected, that the President would come and
talk to me. But did you see the old man? Well,
I am so glad. Oh, he never will forget this;
and I will say it, though I am his wife, that
he is one of the best men in all these parts;
and he is a very smart man, too—only he won't
take any office, and never would, but sometimes
they make him a grandjurymen, and then he's
the foreman; but I don't think he makes much
at that. And now, Mr. President, you must
come in and take some refreshment." In a mo-
ment the long oaken tables inside were covered
with the biggest bottles, and we drank the old
lady's cherry bounce, and she drank the old
lady's sweet milk, out of the largest glasses
ever made. The President drank to the health of
all the farmers and their wives, the old lady
gave us her benediction, and we proceeded on
route for the springs.

James K. Polk is now sleeping with the dead.
The venerable patriarch will also soon be in his
tomb. They are both above the world, its malice
and its slander—above our flattery and beyond
our generation.

The tableau which presented itself on the
lofty summit of the Allegheny, with the bright
morning sun, a group of twenty farmers from
the harvest field; an old man of eighty-four,
holding the President of our mighty republic by
the hand, while tears were rolling over his cheek
for those slain in battle in Mexico; and the old
man repeating to him the words of Washington,
which he himself had heard uttered near the
same spot more than half a century ago; with
his finger pointing to heaven, "God makes war!
God makes peace!" was such a scene as the
genius of a Huntington or a Coe, convert into a
portion of the history of our times.

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.—I have noticed
that all men speak well of all men's virtues when
they are dead; and that tomb stones are marked
with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there
any particular cemetery where the dead men
are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish
man is "forgive us our debts," but makes ev-
ery body pay who owes him to the uttermost far-
thing.

I have noticed that Death is a merciful judge,
though not impartial. Every man owes a debt
—Death summons the debtor, and he lays down
his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man
a rogue is certain to see one when he shaves
himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbors
surrender the razor to justice.

I have noticed that tombstones say that "Here
he lies," which no doubt is often the truth, and
if men could see the epitaphs their friends some-
times write, they would surely believe they had
got into the wrong grave.

New York Spirit of the Times.

The GRAVE buries every error—covers every
defect—extinguishes every resentment. From
its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets
and tender recollections. Who can look down
upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a con-
sciousness that he should have warred with the
poor handful of earth that lies mouldering
before him!

From the Charleston Mercury.

Cotton—Its Prospects—Demand and Supply.

The late intelligence from Europe, quoting an
extensive demand, and an advance in the price
of cotton, is cheering to the prospects of the plan-
ter, and promises a continuance of fair prices for the
future. The importance of the cotton trade,
the probable demand and supply, and the future
course of prices, are subjects exciting deep anxi-
ety and careful investigation abroad—and cer-
tainly, from their important bearing on the pros-
perity of the South, should be not less a sub-
ject of examination with us. A fair inquiry
then, into some important facts affecting cotton
prices, will show, we think, that present rates are
only legitimate, and that even somewhat higher
may be expected.

We will first view the subject in its general
aspect, remarking that the examination will be
confined to American Cotton, as by its prospects
all other kinds will be governed. The crop of
last year, the largest ever made, amounted to
2,729,000 bales. For every bale of this there
has been a demand, and that not of a speculative
character, but to meet the actual wants of con-
sumption.

Let us then examine first what will be the prob-
able supply for the coming season:
The stock on hand in Northern and South.
ern ports on 1st Sept., was 142,734 lb.
In the interior towns of the South 24,186
Admitting the present crop as one-fourth
of last year—and it will be 2,047,500

Total supply to Sept. 1st 2850 2,214,230 lb.

We have estimated the crops at but one-fourth
short, which we think a full estimate, considering
the accounts received from all sections of the
Cotton growing country. Hence, it is evident,
that if the demand of this season equals that of
last, the supply will fall short of it by 500,000
bales.

The next inquiry is, what will be the probable
demand?

Our home consumption will require, viz:
For Northern manufactures 520,000
For Southern and Southwestern do 130,000
Foreign—For France and Continent 600,000
Great Britain 1,000,000

Total demand 2,250,000

We have estimated the consumption of the
northern manufactures at the amount of last year,
from the fact that their progress hitherto has been
little influenced by short crops, or advanced prices,
and a fair inference is that it will be the same
this year. For the southern manufactures we
have also allowed the same as last year, notwith-
standing their extraordinary increase of late, with-
out justifying the expectation of enlargement this
year. For France and the Continent we have es-
timated the demand at 600,000 bales, suppos-
ing that the advance in prices would lessen a
100,000 bales, admitting that high prices will
diminish her consumption of the cotton of the U. S.
350,000 bales. With these admissions, and
reducing the probable demand to the sum last
limits, we find that it would still be more than
sufficient to absorb all the stock in our seaports
and interior towns on the 1st of September last,
and the entire crop that is likely to come to mar-
ket up to the 1st Sept. 1850.

But as Great Britain is our principal customer,
and has hitherto controlled prices, and their fu-
ture course will be sensibly influenced by her ac-
tion, a short review of the prospects of our cot-
ton in her market is of primary importance. In
the foregoing estimate we have put down 1,000,
000 bales as the portion she is likely to obtain;
and to get even this, she must enter the lists with
competitors, whose wants require more than the
half of our crop, and whose necessities are as
great comparatively as hers. Less, she cannot do
without—even granting that her consumption de-
creases 350,000 to 400,000 bales of our cotton,
in consequence of advance in prices.

The accounts up to October 13th, state the
stock of American cotton in Liverpool at 349,266
bales. At the present rate of her consumption,
it would be sufficient for her twelve weeks, and
leave little or no stock on hand on the 1st of Jan.
next.

Allowing that all the cotton shipped from
our ports from the 1st of Sept. to the 15th of Nov.,
is received before the 1st of Jan., not more than
50,000 bales can be added to the stock in Liver-
pool; for up to this period, since the first of Sep-
tember, 23,000 bales have been shipped to Great
Britain, and it is not likely that it will exceed 50,000
bales by the 15th of Nov. Thus Great Britain
will begin the coming year with a smaller stock
of American cotton in Liverpool than since the
year 1835, when the average price of Upland in
Liverpool was 8½d., and advanced afterwards to
11½d., and with a less probable supply,
in proportion to her consumption, than has ever
existed.

But it may be said that our data are mere sup-
positions, and cannot be reasoned upon as facts.
"Short crops," it is said, "are synonymous with
short consumption," and all calculations are fal-
lacious which assume that the consumption will
go on as before, under an advance of 40 to 50 per
cent in prices. All calculations of this kind must,
in their nature, be partly speculative; but that
short crops are synonymous with short consump-
tion, the history of cotton falsifies. Under the
short crops of 1829-'31-'38 consumption steadily
increased, and only decreased under those of
1839 and '40; thus being true to two against
the truth of the assertion. We do not bring in
the short crop of 1847, because consumption was
affected by other causes than the relation of de-
mand and supply. Regarding the position that
advance in prices must check consumption, it is
at all times difficult to fix the height to which
they must go to have this effect. But the past
history of cotton would show that present prices
in Liverpool may be considerably advanced, even
up to 8½d., without affecting consumption. Dur-
ing the years from 1833 to 1835, the average of
good upland cotton in Liverpool was 8½d., 8½d.,
10½d., 7d., 7d., and yet consumption steadily ad-
vanced to 8½d., in the Liverpool market, we be-
lieve, would be no check. The rise in the
price of the manufactured article would soon
compensate for the advance in the raw material.

It is however, questionable whether Great
Britain can lessen her consumption, and get on
with even a larger supply of our cotton than we
have allowed, or than she can possibly obtain.—
The old cry of "working short time,"—"supplies

from India,"—"unrenewable prices for her
manufactures," etc., will no doubt be resorted to
for the purpose of reducing prices; but she can-
not play this game successfully now. Such
trumpery contrivances must soon be abandoned.

The interest at stake is of too great a magnitude
to be hazarded on the success of this haggling
on 3 or 4d. advance in the price of the raw ma-
terial with producers, who have been annually
sacrificed that her manufacturers might become
prosperous. The spinners, if not already awak-
ened to a sense of their position, will not sleep much
longer. Their incredulity as to the great defi-
ciency of the present crop must soon cease, and
they must go into the market and purchase freely
at current rates, or they will be victimized by
speculators. "To keep the present mil-
lions and factory hands in the full employ-
ment," says the London Economist, "which they
have enjoyed the present year, a supply of cotton
equal to 1,791,691 bales will be annually re-
quired for consumption—to which add the aver-
age quantity exported, and an entire import of
2,000,000 bales will be necessary. The year
that has closed (say from 1st Sept. 1848, to same
date, 1849) is the only one on record that has
furnished the quantity, and this without any ac-
tual increase to the stock." Now, from whom
can Great Britain get this supply? Her imports
from all other countries than the U. S., for fifteen
years, will not average over 350,000 bales, and
it is only from our growth that her increasing con-
sumption has been supplied. Hitherto she has
had large stocks on the 1st January to fall back
upon in case of any deficiency of import; but
these have gradually diminished in the last four
years from 1,196,000 bales to 498,000 bales, with
every probability of a great diminution this com-
ing January.

We confess that we cannot see any source from
whence an adequate supply to the consumption of
Great Britain can this year be obtained. She
cannot get it from this country without wresting
it at high prices, (which would be the necessary
consequence of such a competition,) from others
whose wants are as urgent as her own; and from
other countries we have seen that the average
supply would be utterly inadequate, while there is
no probability that they can be increased.—
When we reflect on the primary national impor-
tance of the cotton trade to Great Britain, and
on the efforts of a shrewd supply on her social, po-
litical, and commercial condition, we do not won-
der at the deep anxiety awakened by the pros-
pects now disclosed.

We have embraced in this examination merely
the comparison of supply and demand, as in-
fluenced by the ordinary course of events. Specu-
lation may run up prices to an extravagant
height; while on the other hand, war and revolu-
tion may intervene to check all calculation.—
We cannot reason on such elements; but on those
which are now operative, our conclusion is, that
the present prices in our market are not only legi-
timate, but rest upon considerations that admit
of advance, and that for the future the producers
may look for remunerating returns for their labor
and capital.

MODERN ART VS ANCIENT.

The following anecdote is communicated to us
by a friend, who vouches for its truth—at least
that it is "as true as most things from abroad."

"Nonium me crede coloris" is an old maxim, as
applicable to men as to colors, as may be seen
by the following occurrence:

An American not long since visited the Louvre
gallery in Paris, and was accompanied by an
official Englishman, who professed his services
to point out the most remarkable painting.—
"There," said he, "there is one of the finest pic-
tures in Paris," pointing to the celebrated female
portrait by Titian. That is an original by that
great master. Now look at it, and improve your
judgment and taste."

Our Yankee friend looked intently at the pic-
ture and then turned his eye upon a very ac-
curate copy of the same, standing near, to which a
modest young artist was just putting some finish-
ing touches. "I like that new one best," said
Johnathan; "it looks fresher and younger—and
if the artist will let me buy it." As you speak
French, and I don't, please do me the favor to
ask him if he will sell it, and at what price."
"What! that copy?" replied John Bull with a
renowned air; "do you admire that copy?
it's good for nothing; it is only a copy. No, no,
my friend, I'll not aid you in throwing your money
away in that way. Never buy a copy." "But,"
says brother Johnathan, "if I like the copy best,
how then? Now I think that copy better than
the original, and I would rather have it than the
original. At any rate, do you ask the artist what
he will take for it?" The Englishman "pooched"
and "pshawed," but being thus pressed, he put
the question to the young artist (as directed) in
French.

Now all the foregoing conversation was in the
direct presence of the artist himself, who heard
every word of it as if he had been a party to it;
but he seemed to have heard it not. On being
asked in French what he would take for the pic-
ture he was just finishing, he modestly and quiet-
ly answered: "This picture is not for sale, gen-
tlemen. I painted it for my own private collection."
And this was said in plain, good English as
either of the gentlemen had used in their previ-
ous conversation. John was abashed; but
brother Johnathan, as is his wont when in an
agreeable corner, "have heard right out," and
offering his hand with a friendly shake, told the
young artist "go ahead," and beat the originals,
as we have done in the United States in many
other things claiming "originality" in the old
countries.

A few days after this a box containing this
identical "copy" was found in the apartment of
our American friend, with a note from the
artist, requesting his acceptance of the same,
and thanking him for his courtesy at the gallery.

In reply, this free-will offering was frankly
and thankfully accepted; not, however, till John-
athan had found out that the artist had a widowed
mother, entirely dependant on him for support,
to whom our friend sent a sum of money fully
equivalent to the value of the picture, requesting
her to accept the same in consideration of the
high appreciation he entertained for the talent of
her son, and of an excellent copy of Titian, which
he still contended, "beat the original."—N. Y.
Com. Ade.

It is said that the pay of an Austrian soldier is
but 4 cents a day.

SOUND ADVICE.—The agricultural depart-
ment of the Muscogee Democrat contains the
following very sound and sensible suggestions to
the Farmers of the South. Let them heed its
counsel:

FARMERS, BEWARE OF SPECULATION.—Part
experience should warn us of the danger to the
Farmer of a sudden rise in Cotton. Lands and
negroes advance in the same proportion, and in
too many instances, we see the Farmers crazy to
invest the proceeds of his crop, in extended plan-
tations and in extra negroes, and this too, when
the inflated prices of cotton induces every kind of
property to sell for more than its real value.—
Look around you, and behold how many of your
neighbors have been ruined or deeply injured,
by rash speculations, in times of cotton excite-
ment. If any of you are cursed with more money
than you know what to do with, improve the
lands you already cultivate. Beautify and adorn
the homestead, and if your heart is near bursting
with the idea of extending the field of your op-
erations, just increase the area of your Kitchen
Garden, and encourage your children in the cul-
ture of flowers.

Husband all the resources of your plantation,
for a low priced cotton crop; study, and apply
the manures; experiment with fruits and grasses;
try the different breeds of stock, and when an-
other four cent cotton crop is raised, you may be
found like unto the wise Virgins, with your lamps
"trimmed and burning." And if land and neg-
roes you must have, wait till cotton is down,
and then you can enter the market with cash in
hand, make your own selections, almost at your
own prices. But above all, whether cotton is
high or low, keep out of debt. Whether you
have an acre of land or a single negro, keep out
of debt; but if you are determined to pur-
chase on a credit, trusting to a still higher rise to
meet your payments, let me recommend you to
take one of Reuben Rich's Patent Cast Iron Wat-
er Wheels, fit it snugly around your neck, and
lay yourself carefully down in the bed of the
River! The loss to your family will be nothing
to the living enshrouement, of the day and night
dreams, of that worst of all, of human slavery,
the thralldom of debt.

AWFUL TRAGEDY IN ST. LOUIS.—Five Per-
son Shot.—By St. Louis papers of the 31st ult.,
we learn the particulars of a most strange and
terrible scene of bloodshed that took place there
on the night of the 29th:

"On the previous night two fashionable French-
men arrived at the City Hotel, and having regis-
tered their names as Comte Gonslave de Montes-
quieu and Comte Raymond de Montesquieu, late
from Paris, they were assigned rooms in the
third story of the hotel. They were well provid-
ed with arms and baggage, having been hunt-
ing for some weeks in the Illinois marshes.—
Between 11 and 12 o'clock on Monday night,
the report of a gun and the cry of 'murder!'
were heard in the vicinity of their room. One
of the Frenchmen had gone with a loaded gun
to the window of a room occupied by Mr. T. R.
Barnum, nephew of the proprietor of the estab-
lishment, and having taken deliberate aim; fired,
the ball taking effect in Mr. Barnum's side
and traversing his body. The same ball wound-
ed a steward of the house who was in the room.
A Mr. Jones, an extensive carriage manufactur-
er, who roomed opposite to Mr. Barnum, rushed
into the hall and instantly shot through the
heart. Capt. Hubbard and Mr. Henderson, who
accompanied Mr. Jones, were also both wound-
ed. Soon after, a number of boarders and po-
lice men entered the Frenchmen's room, seized
and conducted them to prison. One of the two
acknowledges himself guilty, exonerates his
brother and assigns as a cause for his deed, "a
fulfillment of the wishes of God." From an ex-
amination of their effects, among which were
letters of introduction to Bishop Hughes and other
distinguished persons, a large quantity of cost-
ly jewelry and clothing, and eight thousand francs
in gold. There was great and increasing ex-
citement in St. Louis about the event, and a
round the county jail. At the last dates, Mr.
Barnum was in a very critical situation. His
physicians have lost all hopes of his recovery."

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never
grows old. Years may pass over her head,
but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart,
she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first
opened to her view. When we look upon a
good woman, we never think of her age; she
looks as charming as when the rose of youth
bloomed on her cheeks. That rose has not faded
yet—it will never fade. In her family she is
the life and delight. In her neighborhood she
is the friend and benefactor. In the church,
the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian.
Who does not respect and love the woman who
has passed her days in acts of kindness and mer-
cy—who has been the friend of man and God—
whose whole life has been a scene of kindness
and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We
repeat—such a woman cannot grow old. She
will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits and
active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence.
If the young lady desires to retain the
bloom and beauty of youth, let her love truth and
virtue; and to the close of life she will retain
those feelings which now make life appear a
garden of sweets ever fresh and ever new.

HENRY CLAY ON SOURKROUT.—Henry Clay's
opinions have been quoted upon many subjects,
those upon sourkrot are quite as decided as
anything he has uttered, if the following be true:
"Henry Clay dined recently with ex-President
Martin Van Buren, at Lindenwall. The desert
consisted of cucumbers, cucumbers, cucumber,
green cheese, &c. Mr. Clay expressed a wish to
see that 'twelve acres of reclaimed bog land,'
so much talked of during the election, which
Mr. Van Buren took a great pleasure in show-
ing him. On their return, a turven filled to the
brim with sourkrot was put before him. Clay
put his handkerchief to his nose, and with a
"wheew," said, Van, I've lived long, and encoun-
tered as strong opposition as any other man, but
to be frank with you, I never encountered any-
thing quite as strong as this."

READY WIT.—A boy having been praised for
his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed,
"when children are so keen in youth, they are
generally stupid when they advance in years."
"What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir,"
replied the child.

[From the N. O. Picayune of Nov. 12.]

Latest from California.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP ALABAMA.
The steamship Alabama, Capt. J. J. Wright,
arrived last evening from Chagres.
The steamer Empire City arrived at Kingston
on the 2d inst., having left Chagres on the 29th
October, with 125 passengers and \$300,000 in
gold. The Oregon was at Panama.

The subject which now excites the greatest
interest in California is the convention which had
commenced its sessions, and was deeply engaged
in the momentous business before it. The fol-
lowing sketch of its proceedings we take from
Alta Californian of the 1st of October:

This body, up to the latest dates, had been in
session a little over three weeks. Most of the
provisions for the proposed constitution had been
acted upon in the Committee of the Whole, and
that, we suppose, may be taken as a fair index of
what will be the action of the House.

The bill of rights as adopted in Committee of
the Whole, embraces twenty sections, of the
usual character of such provisions. The only
point upon which it was supposed a controversy
would arise—the question of slavery—was passed
without debate, and unanimously, utterly pro-
hibiting slavery. Some few were in favor of
submitting the matter to the people for a sepa-
rate vote, but it was not contended for with any
show of strenuousness, and was voted down almost
unanimously.

The suffrage question was the source of con-
siderable debate; but it was finally disposed of
by admitting all male citizens of the U. States,
six months residence in California, and twenty
years of age, (Indians, Africans, and the de-
scendants of Africans excepted) to the privilege
of electors.

The Legislature is to consist of two branches,
an Assembly and a Senate, with such general
powers, privileges and duties as are usually given
to such bodies. Banking corporations and lot-
teries are prohibited, and all other corporations,
except for municipal purposes, are to be estab-
lished under general laws, the stockholders to be
individually liable for all debts. Some consid-
erable debate occurred upon a provision which al-
lows corporations to be formed for receiving de-
posits of gold and silver. It was urged that, un-
der such a provision, an irresponsible system of
banking might grow up; but the section was
finally so amended as to answer all objections,
and, in that shape, passed.

The members of the Assembly are to be elected
annually, and the members of the Senate are
to hold their office for two years. One half of
the Senate to be elected each year. No person
can be a member of the Legislature who has not
been a resident of the State one year, in addition
to other qualifications.

The number of members of Assembly is never
to be less than twenty-four or more than thirty
six, until the number of inhabitants in this State
shall amount to one hundred thousand, and after
that period at such rate that the whole number
of members of Assembly shall never be less than
thirty or more than eighty. The Senate is never
to consist of less than one third nor more than
one-half the number of the Assembly.